THE

TURKEY FACTOR'S

74

GARLANT

IN FOUR PARTS.

ROBERT BURNS

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The TURKEY FACTOR..

BEhold here's a ditty, tis true and no jeſt,
Concerning a young gentleman in the Eaſt,
Who by much gaming came to poverty,
And afterwards went many a voyage to ſea,
Being well educated and one of much wit;
Three merchants of London did think fit,
To make him their captain and factor alſo;
And he on a voyage to Turkey did go.
And walking along in the ſtreets he found;
A mans carcaſe lying on the ground,
He aſked the reaſon why it there did lie
Then one of the natives made him this reply;
This man was a Chriſtian ſir when he drew breath
His duty's not paid he lies on the ground;
Then what are the duties the factor cry'd
juſt fifty pounds Sir the Turk reply'd
This is a large ſum ſaid the factor indeed,
But to ſee him thus lie it makes my heart bleed:
So then by the factor this ſum was paid;
And underneath the earth this poor carcaſe was laid
When having gone further he chanc'd to ſpy
A beautiful creature juſt going to die;
A young waiting lady that ſtrangled muſt be,
For nothing but ſtriking a Turkiſh lady.
To think of dying with dread ſhe was fill'd;
And rivers of tears like waters diſtill'd,
Like the ſtream of a fountain they did flow down;
[illegible] to the ground.

The answer was, five hundred pound,
Which for her pardon he fairley laid down.
He said, fair creature from weeping refrain
And be of comfort, thou shall not be slain;
Behold! I have purchased thy pardon wilt thee
Consent to go to England with me?
She said Sir you have freed me from death,
I am bound to love you while I have breath:
And if you requist it, to England I'll go,
And my respects to you ever show.

PART II.

HE brought her to London, and 'tis said,
He set up house-keeping, and she was his maid,
There to wait on him, and finding her just,
With the keys of his riches did her entrust.
At length this brave factor was hired once more,
To cross the seas where the billows do roar,
When in the country he was steer,
Which was by her father governed we hear.
Being a hot country, this maid did prepare,
Some very fine robes for the country wear;
He bought a silk waistcoat, which I am told,
The servant maid flower'd with silver and gold.
She said to her master as I understand,
You are going again nnto such a land,
And if that Princes court you do enter in,
Be sure that this flour'd garment be seen.
He said, to that Prince's court I must go,
The meaning of thy words I long to know:
Sir, there are some reasons which you will find,
With that he said, I will fulfill thy mind.
Then away he sail'd, and arriv'd at the port,
And soon after went to the emperor's court;

It was the uſual cuſtom of the place,
To preſent ſome noble gift unto his grace.
His gift was accepted, and as they ſtood nigh,
On his flower'd garment the prince caſt an eye,
Which made him colour, and thus he did ſay,
Who flour'd that garment tell me I pray.
Pleaſe your grace, my laſt voyage was to Turkey,
Where I ſaw a damſel who ſtrangled muſt be,
and to ſave her life I gave five hundred pound,
And took her with me to fair London town.
She is my houſe keeper while I'm in this land.
And when of my coming ſhe did underſtand,
She flour'd this robe, giving charge to me,
That it might be ſeen by your Majeſty.
The prince ſaid, behold the robe I wear,
Is of the ſame colour and ſpots I declare;
The maid who wrought both is my daughter fair.
I have not heard of her theſe two years.
For the loſs of my child whom I thought dead,
A well full of teares in my court have been ſhed,
My princeſs her mother, and I cannot reſt,
Her loſs brought a million of ſighs from her breaſt.
Thy ſhip ſhall be richly laden with ſpeed,
And I'll ſend a ſhip to convoy thee indeed,
Becauſe thou didſt ſave my ſweet daughter's life,
If thou brings her home ſhe ſhall be thy wife.
And if thou doſt not live to bring her to me,
The man who brings her ſhall her bridegroom be;
And ten thouſand pounds a year he ſhall have,
Therefore be careful her life you do ſave.
The ſhip was laden and the anchor weigh'd,
When [illegible] and his convoy came over the main,
To fair London city, and home he did go,
And gave the princeſs theſe tidings to know.

PART III.

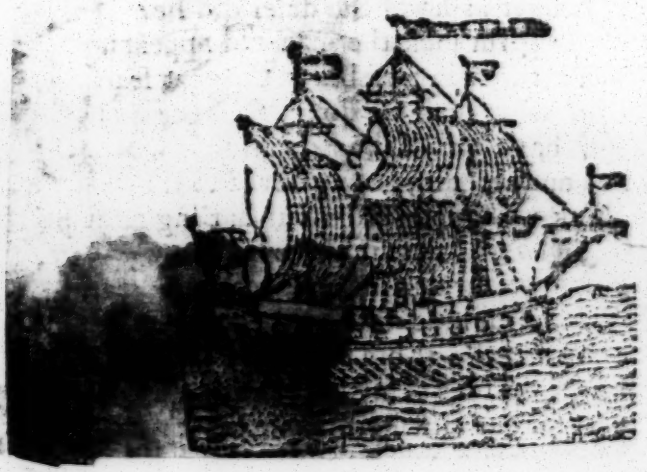
HE ſaid, noble lady, I have good news to tell,
The prince your father, and mother are well,
And your noble parents this thing have deſign'd,
In the bands of wedlock we both ſhall be join'd.
Perhaps, noble princeſs, you will not agree,
To wed with a poor man, eſpecially me;
Sir, were you a beggar, I would be your wife,
Becauſe, when juſt dying you ſaved my life.
I ne'er ſhall forget the true tokens of love,
Of all men now breathing I prize thee above;
And ſince 'tis ſo order'd I'm pleaſed I vow,
And I'm glad my father this thing doth allow.
Sell off all the goods you have in ſtore,
And give all the money you have to the poor;
Come let us be jogging with ſpeed over the main,
For I long to ſee my dear Parents again.
The thing was done, and the ſailed away,
In the ſhip her father ſent for a convoy;
But mark what happen'd on the ocean wide,
For to rob the factor of his ſweet bride.
The captain that carried them over the deep,
One night as the factor did lie aſleep.
Being under ſail, overboard did him throw,
And ſaid I ſhall have the princeſs I know.
Next morning as ſoon as day light did peep,
He awaked the princeſs out of her ſleep,
He fell overboard and was loſt in the deep,
You ſaid the man who her home did bring,
Should have her, I hope you will perform the thing.
Yes, that was the promiſe the father reply'd,
What ſayeſt thou, wilt thou be his bride?
She cried yes, father; but firſt if you pleaſe,

For him who did ſave me I'll mourn forty days
Then into cloſe morning this princeſs ſhe went,
The loſs of her friend with tears did lament?
Where we will leave her to mourn a while,
And turn to the factor, who was on the iſle.

PART IV.

IN this deſert iſland the factor he lay,
In floods of tears weeping night and day;
At length there appeard unto his view,
A little old man paddling in a canoe.
The factor called, which made him ſtay,
And drawing near to him; the old man did ſay,
How cam'ſt thou here? (then his eyes did flow)
The cauſe of my ſorrow you ſoon ſhall know.
If thou wilt promiſe, and be true to me,
For to give the firſt born unto me,
When three months old, to the court I'll thee bring;
And will not releaſe thee without this thing.
The factor conſider'd that would cauſe grief,
And without it, for him there was no relief,
He ſaid, life is ſweet, and my life to ſave,
Bring me to court, thy requeſt thou ſhalt have.
Then he was brought to the place, and when,
He came under the gate, he ſaw the princeſs then,
Peeping out of a window ſhe ſaw him there,
Her ſorrow into joy tranſported were.
He into the court with joy was receiv'd,
Hi[illegible] him who for him griev'd,
A[illegible] jewel, the joy of my heart,
[illegible]ou been? why didſt thou depart?
[illegible]oon did relate,
And [illegible] came to her father's gate;
He ſa[illegible] was caſt overboard in my ſleep,

I fancy the captain threw me in the deep.
With that the captain was ſent for with ſpeed,
But hearing the factor was come indeed.
To ſhow himſelf guilty like a cruel knave,
He jump'd into the ſea, which prov'd his grave.
Next day in joy and triumph we find,
The factor and princeſs in marriage were joind
And within the compaſs of two long years,
They had a ſon and daughter we hear.
The firſt born a ſon, a perfect beauty,
Who was beloved by the whole family;
At three years old came the man for the child
Who releaſed the factor from the deſert iſle.
When the father ſaw him the tears did flow
So he gave his farher and mother to know,
That he was forced to make ſuch a promiſe or
With hunger as he in the deſer did lie.
With a grim look the man old appears,
Which made him tremble with great fear,
Crying, what ſhall we do; this is the man,
He will have our darling do all that we can.
The mother ſaid, I'm grieved to the heart,
To think we ſo ſoon from our darling muſt pa
To one who may take it the Lord knows where
And perhaps our darling in pieces may tear,
Then ſhe embrac'd it and the tears fell
And having kiſ'd it bid it fare well,
Saying for the ſake of my huſband and I,
We part for our firſt born thoug for it we
Then the grim gueſt to her huſband did ſa
Sir, don't you remember in Turkey one day,
You ſaw a dead body lie on the ground,
And to have it buried you gave fifty pound.
Sir I am the ſpirit

Saved your life for the love shown to me,
He said, keep the child, and the Lord bless you all;
Then away he vanished out of the hall.
So the king, prince, and princess likewise,
And the babe's parents, with tears in their eyes,
With joy embrac'd their darling son,
Crying, had you left us, we had been undone.
Now we'll leave the court in joy and mirth,
To love each other while they have breath.
And now by the factor indeed we may see,
No man can prevent what old fate doth decree.

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